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Odd Way to Win

Anyone who would like to be brought up to date on how the United States is conducting the cold war against communism on the economic front might well consider these recent reports:

Since 1952, according to a Defense Department memorandum, we have given Communist Tito of Yugoslavia close to \$1 billion in military equipment. The reason: to make it "easier for the Yugoslav government to resist Soviet pressure."

As if that weren't enough, the State Department admitted the other day that it has agreed to sell Yugoslavia an atomic reactor and to train Yugoslav scientists. The reason: cancer research.

And as if THAT isn't enough, the federal government has financed a Texas firm in the building of a \$23 million chemical complex for Tito. The reason: to help the Yugoslav economy turn out plastics, by-products of which could be war materials.

Then, of course, there is the Agriculture Department's policy of selling on the world market—and thereby making them eventually available to Russia of Red China or Yugoslavia—crops that have been raised under the farm subsidy plan, and which are sold at a price much lower than the subsidy.

Frankly, we don't understand just how all this is helping the American cause; and we have a strong suspicion that neither does anyone in Washington.

Opinions of Others

"You never read about an ugly rich woman in the newspapers." — George B. Bowra, Aztec (N. M.) Independent-Review.

"Have you noticed the modern girl's hair is cut so it looks like a mop? Maybe that's because she doesn't know what a mop looks like." — William L. Zeigler, New Oxford (Pa.) Item.

"Horse sense is what keeps horses from betting on people." — Herald J. Blaschko, Arcadia (Wisc.) News-Leader.

"The smart wife with plenty of horse sense never becomes a nag." — W. Harvey Hurt, Waynesboro (Miss.) Wayne County News.

"The ultimate in illegibility: the hardest thing in the world to read would be a doctor's prescription, written with a post office pen while riding a downtown bus." — Russell L. Metz, Owensville (Ky.) Bath County News-Outlook.

"Isn't a jury a group of people who couldn't exert enough influence to be excused?" — Gerald K. Young, Blakesburg (Ia.) Excelsior.

"We've been watching so many mystery shows in TV that it's getting us. Last time we turned on the dial we unconsciously wiped our fingerprints off the dial." — William L. Zeigler, New Oxford (Pa.) Item.

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

30 Years Ago

Official plans were announced for the moving of Lomita Township Justice Court from its location on Narbonne Avenue to the Sam Levy Building on Craven Avenue across from the city hall. Occupancy was set for about Dec. 15. The three-year lease covered the entire second floor of the Levy site. Redecoration items included new furniture "of the most dignified design." Judge John Dennis was presiding magistrate.

Eastern consumers were assured a steady supply of fresh lettuce with the high-gear schedule put into effect at the Torrance plant of the California Produce Co. Twenty-two employees—were increased later to 38—were at work ice-packing the lettuce that would be rushed to refrigerator freight cars and shipped to eastern cities. The packing schedule would continue uninterrupted until May 1, according to Charley Turner, general foreman of the local plant at 213th Street off Border Avenue.

Traditional Union Thanksgiving services in which all protestant churches are asked to participate were scheduled for 10:30 a.m. Thanksgiving morning at the Christian Church, Engracia at Arlington. The Rev. George Elder would preside.

The city was still cleaning up after a violent earthquake jolted the area on Friday, Nov. 14. By the end of the week, repair and reconstruction were well under way to erase the damage—estimated between \$300,000 and \$400,000—and it was "business as usual" for most of the area. The most violent earth shock this community had hit twice in the mid hours of the night, but not one injury was

20 Years Ago

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Morning Report:

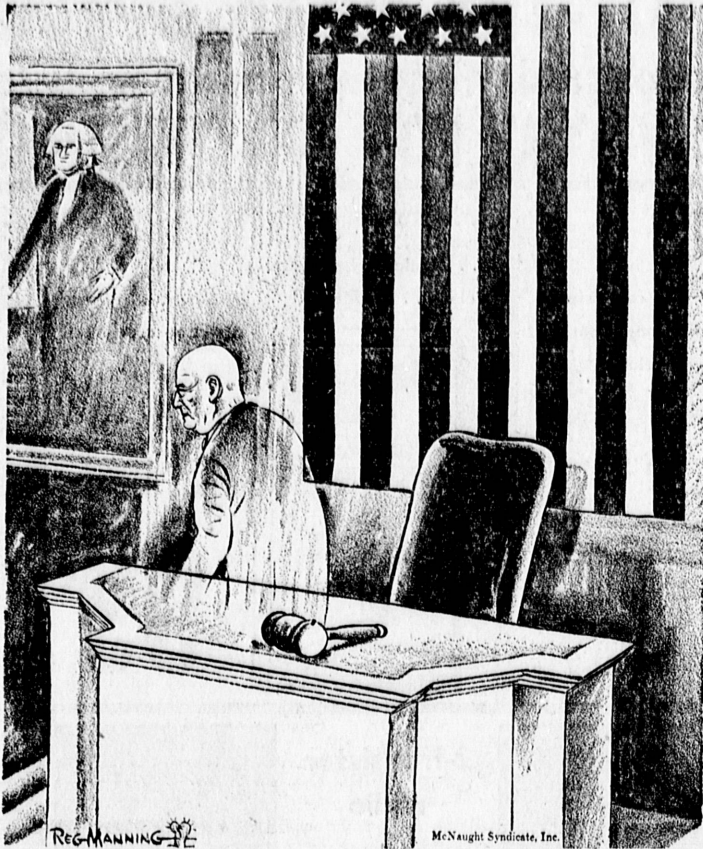
Our Voice of America broadcasting people are very happy with their audience in Yugoslavia. It seems the people write in by the thousand every time we have a giveaway contest. And we are not giving away much, either—pocket radios and such stuff.

This compares favorably with broadcasting in America, where anything less than an oil well in full production won't draw any response.

But hooking listeners, here or there, with gifts is pretty easy. What I wonder is if the Yugoslavs are getting the sponsor's message—or can remember his name after they have sent in for their prize.

Abe Mellinkoff

Goodbye, Mr. Sam—



Red Farmers Still Have A Long, Long Row to Hoe

By JAMES DORAIS

For many years, America's "farm problem" has defied solution by changing Congresses and national administrations.

The new secretary of agriculture, Orville Freeman, is having no better luck than his predecessors, as production of basic crops still continues to exceed current needs in spite of controls and prods.

But compared to Russia's farm problem, America's is no problem at all. For Russia is not plagued by surplus but by severe shortage. And despite all the five-year plans and absolute centralized control, the shortages are not being overcome.

According to a recent survey by U.S. News and World Report, Russia has 504 million acres under cultivation, compared with 330 million acres in the United States. She has 48 million farmers, compared

with a total of about six million farmers in the U.S. Yet production of farm supplies is 40 per cent less in Russia than in this country.

Premier Khrushchev has boasted that Russia will surpass America in per capita meat consumption by 1970. He has a long way to go. In the U.S., 162 pounds of meat is consumed per person, whereas last year, consumption in Russia averaged only 61 pounds per person, a decline from a 1959 high of 68 pounds per person.

Part of Russia's problem is geography. Almost all of Russia's vast land lies farther north than the U.S.-Canadian border. Her resort areas on the Black Sea are as far north as Minnesota. She has no highly productive warm belts comparable in any way with California, Florida or the Rio Grande Valley.

Most of Russia has a short growing season and poor soil. Much emphasis in recent years has been placed on breaking the virgin plains of western Siberia, but this effort has been only moderate-

ly successful and in widespread areas has created a dustbowl.

But perhaps the major reason why Russia's farm problem remains one of shortage rather than surplus is the Communist system itself. Almost all farm land is managed by state cooperatives, a system which provides no incentive to the individual farmers.

Large acreages of grain go unharvested each year even though there is one farmer for every 11 acres as compared with one farmer or farm worker for every 57 acres in the United States.

Inadequate mechanization and gross inefficiency are the rule throughout the huge state-run farm system. In contrast, intensive production is achieved on the small plots farmers are permitted to operate in their spare time for personal profit. While these individually run small farms comprise less than 5 per cent of Russia's agricultural land, they produce the bulk of the country's eggs and potatoes and nearly half of all its milk and meat.

Mexico City is Talking About

The Little Cars

California Speaks

GEORGE KILLION, S.F. shipping exec., on need for strong U.S. merchant marine—"The Russians' purpose is obvious—to control the seas. Ours is to maintain these ocean lifelines so they will be available to the free world."

LILA ANDREASEN, L.A. international traveler, worker—"The Peace Corps will be misunderstood, it will be resented. Let us shelve it before we regret it."

DR. LEON KOLB, Stanford emeritus prof.—"Nothing is free in this life. We must pay—in effect—in generosity, in dedication, for everything worthwhile."

M. E. ALEXANDER, Fresno—"There's no such thing as cooperation in the communist system. They feed or starve a people, whichever method best suits their purpose."

HARPO MARX, Hollywood comedian, on relaxing—"The things that seem so important to do generally turn out to be unimportant—so you might as well enjoy yourself."

MEXICO CITY — Here in the capital of the ancient Aztec world, the dinosaur and the big automobile have something in common: one is extinct and the other is getting that way.

In the place of each monstrous machine there are three compact scat-wagons, bounding like rabbits through traffic.

The reason for this is that the government squeeze on big cars is getting tighter. The big horsepower cars can't be brought into the country.

And the recent announcement that eight more (still unnamed) brands of autos will disappear from the local market next year has set teeth a-chattering.

Every dealer and assembly plant manager in town is sure he will be hit by this bolt of economic lightning.

Many of the wealthy citizens have to ride around in 1960 models, which gets less humorous every day because spare parts are very scarce.

Millionaires accustomed to \$20,000 automobiles, are beginning to make their way around in the condensed versions. It is not uncommon to see bankers crouched in the back seat of their baby auto

while the family chauffeur zips in and out of traffic lanes along Reforma Avenue.

There are as many explanations for the small car policy as there are cars in the streets.

The importers are convinced that the Mexican government is working toward manufacturing its own cars. At which time, they think, all foreign brands will be placed on the So Sorry List.

At present, more than 60 makes of autos are assembled and sold here. European and Japanese bantams are available from \$1,600 to about \$3,000, depending on the make.

The U. S. cars still assembled here—such as Ford, Plymouth and Chevy—sell for around \$4,000 to \$6,000, depending on extra gadgets. In addition to being out-sold by the little fellows for these obvious reasons, the U.S. models have suffered quota cuts.

The government explanation is that big cars are too expensive for the average Mexican family so why not go in for a commodity everyone can afford?

Some of the dealers say the bantams use less gas and this appeals to the government-owned petroleum industry, which has an aversion to

William Hogan

Gaudy Lampoon Pokes At 'Intimate Memoirs'

Remember the intimate memoirs of that great star of stage, screen and television titled "Zsa Zsa Gabor: My Story as Told for Me by Gerold Frank"?

And other works by equally improbable characters—Lillian Roth to Diana Barrymore? It is next to impossible to satirize these. Like life in Hollywood, the real thing is so outlandish it defies ridicule.

Patrick Dennis, the man who invented "Auntie Mame," makes a stab at satirizing these non-books by non-actresses in "Little Me: The Intimate Memoirs of That Great Star of Stage, Screen and Television, Belle Poitrine."

Due this week, it is one of the publishing season's gaudiest tricks, and perhaps the sharpest lampoon on the Hollywood life since Kaufman and Hart's "Once in a Lifetime."

What really makes this book is not its text (properly purple and as vulgar as Dennis can make it). It's the running pictorial comment—photographs by Chris Alexander, and the modeling by Jeri Alexander, Broadway actress assigned to portray Belle, her blowy mother and other hilarious caricatures.

The pictures are precisely right in their exaggeration of old movie stills, publicity handouts, fan-magazine coverage of the 1920s and other regions of Belle Poitrine's career—Chicago burlesque to Beverly Hills—all too much, too soon.

The pictures are so marvelously tasteless, cynical, cheap

Gains and Brains

Why should people of the world not live in peace and harmony? We look up at the same moon and stars. We are warmed by the same sun. We dwell on the same planet beneath the same sky. What seems to matter is that each individual endeavors to find an ultimate truth. Each person is seeking knowledge that will satisfy his own desire, whim or ego. Every individual takes a different trail in search of an answer to his bewilderment. The problem of existence is so great that there can be only one road leading to an answer, instead of many.

and sophisticated that they overshadow Dennis' text. This is a wordy business that almost destroys its own inventiveness by overmilking the gag.

I am one of the few readers in the Western World who thought Dennis' "Auntie Mame" was a waspish, unsubtle, trite and overrated charade, and its sequel, "Around the World With Auntie Mame," worse. The very vulgarity of Dennis' writing and point of view is an asset in this monstrous joke, of course.

I do wish he had allowed his photographer and model the lion's share of this caper and had permitted an editor to cut back the verbiage.

Belle, in any event, is an Illinois small town girl who

parlays a supreme naïveté and curvaceous frame into a commercial (and frankly sexual) empire, mainly in the old Hollywood. She goes beyond that into alcoholism, depravity and finally to a new-found, beautiful philosophy of life, in the manner of most such movie memoirs.

Belle's friends and associates are broad cartoons—Helen Highwater, Letch Feeley, Lyons Maine and others who may remind you of Fred Allen's memorable Allen's Alley.

I suspect this will be a success as a gift book for the reader (and non-reader, for that matter) who has everything.

Little Me: The Intimate Memoirs of That Great Star of Stage, Screen and Television, Belle Poitrine, as Told to Patrick Dennis. Dutton: 271 pp.; \$5.95.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"What are you allowed to bring into the U.S. without paying duty? We heard the amount now is only \$100 . . ."

The amount now IS only \$100—cut from \$200 every month and \$500 every six months.

The new Customs form I got entering Honolulu from the Orient is just as simple, however. Mark an X in the corner indicated if purchases with you are less than \$100. That's all.

List articles coming to you. They give you a slip to give the mailman.

Naturally, everybody is having to cut down. BUT—here are some ways to help you, legally:

You can mail any gift of less than \$10 value from overseas. It enters free and does not have to be declared. Carry it in with you and it is added to your \$100 exemption.

The new form does not require you to list small articles of less than \$5 value.

" . . . whether it is safe to go to Haiti now. There seems to be so much revolution and trouble in the Caribbean . . ."

We don't hear of any problems in Haiti now. (Any country is bad to go into when there's a revolution. They don't usually shoot at you. But they shoot in all directions.)

The main thing about Haiti that troubles the tourist is either water of uncooked fruits. The locals seem to be immune. But the bugs really cut into the visitor. Bottled water and peel your own fruit and you're okay. It's no place to be careless.

" . . . if Hong Kong is the best place to buy cameras in the Far East?"

It's a free port and the selection is the best. But I think Singapore (with lower rents for the merchants) is cheaper. (A Minox for \$110 was listed at \$80 in Singapore; \$99 in Montego Bay, Jamaica free port; \$115 in its native Montego.)

"Our travel agent advises us to travel by train, rather than drive in Switzerland . . ."

He's right. Particularly at this snowy time of year. Swiss trains are excellent. And you should have a lot of fun when they're full of skiers and the amateur accordionists are playing. (Best time of year for air fare overseas, too. Check those 17-day excursion rates.)

"What is the MINIMUM amount of clothes for a woman going to Hawaii?"

I'd take what you are wearing and ONE cocktail dress—which you may never wear.

The things most women wear are bought better in the Waikiki shops: Bermudas, slacks, muu muu, swimsuits—and for evening maybe a Chinese collar-thing called a pakemuu.

Leave the other things home and some space in your baggage for what you buy. These things are goodlooking and NOT expensive.

"We are two boys who would like to hitchhike through Ireland . . ."

Why don't you rent bikes. My daughter rented one for 35 cents a day. Everyone rides bikes in Ireland and there aren't too many cars to hitch on.

You can put bikes on trains as part of your baggage when you want to make a long jump without pedalling.

Stan Delaplane finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland and Spain (10 cents each), send coin and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to Chronicle Features, 821 Market St., San Francisco.

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